NEW BOOKS.

by William James's t. Hurd Lectures.

will be remembered that Dr. William professor of philosophy at Harvard the minimum tells us that he had intended in the first ten lectures to a descrip-

signs of the twentieth lecture, and in a Region.

clume is that in certain states of the mind. an i especially in prayer, we can experience union with something larger than ourseives, and, in that union, experience an influence which produces regenerative offects unattainable in other ways. So far need not, in his opinion, be identified, as bristians, theists and mystics identify it with a unique God who is the all-inclusive soul of the world. All that the facts hith erto amassed require is the recognition of the existence of a power other and larger than our conscious selves. Such a power might be what the Greeks and Romans understood by a man's genius or namen. "It might necessably even be only a larger and more godike self, of which the present self won. hen be but the mutilated expression, as the universe might conceivably be a of inclusiveness, with no absolute unrealized in at at all " However this run be, the author has no doubt whatever in view of the data brought forward the book before us, that the "God" ordinary men, that is to say, a bing greater and higher than our conscious contact and interference with human contact and proofs of interference are, certain kinds of incursions from the subconscious region take part in it. He is places at least," he says, "it would seem God if you will, produce immediate effects of our experience belongs."

thing outside our conscious selves, which opinion, facts are yet lacking to prove bore it until it killed her extent, impressed by their favorable con-

ers into naturalists and supernaturalists, of a cone, two, three, four, five, six, I should undoubtedly have to go, along all in paragraphs, with exciamation point most philosophers, into the supers d leadings, and finds no intellectual w determine the real world's details. is the refined supermituralists think a maddles disparate dimensions of the world of phenomena at particular Dr. James believes that the world he ideal does burst into the world of a ristanding his inability to accept estive popular Christianity or scholastic theism, he recognizes that his belief subects pum to being classed among the superless of the piecemeal or crasser He has no objection to such classi-

He holds that universalistic supercalism surrenders too easily to na-On the other hand, he thinks in spice of its being so shocking to regard intellectual tastes a camiddetation of piecemeal supernatural sin at bearings will show it to be the terns by which the largest number at mate requirements are met. To mun experience should after its compiex a in consequence of God's existence. "at however, is the assumption of the of or universalistic superinturalists.

Begina Bowle and Others.

sume, or, as the current English novelists say, "expect," it was "Dixie." * We do not v. was appointed in 1901 Gifford most spoke." We have heard it speak, were after has got away, don't you thank break, the fire company having retired, in Americans would be ealist gumption under hands, oh, how delicate and white you had better let me got."

They fully vindicated to themselves Mr. c rainburgh. The twenty lectures | and efficacions? We have heard it speak delivered in paramance of the tile scale. We have heard it reiterate the only novelist who can tell moving stories. Scalibboro more. Peter Gerritt called a of course rewarded, both officers and men ment have been published by the abementary messages of music for hours of war. At the conclusion of hostilities If any Nature " In a prefatory r in of the abandonment of soldierly, they were, with the proper large to the abandonment of soldierly, they were with the proper large. The soldierly is soldierly to the abandonment of soldierly they were with the proper large.

has made proceeds. It told of the or "Man's Religious Appetites," and glay of war, the grandeur and crastlearned to present acquired, he tells us. The vastory of traumph as well as the triend proportions under his pen that he was sumply of victory -we have no doubt that strated to postpone the second subject. it told all. As the girl ceased she turned and to allot nearly the whole of the twenty upon the piano stool. "What do you think estures to an account of man's religious of that, Clifford Clayborne?" she inquired The philosophic conclusions of the youth beside her "Could you march draw : by him from the phenomena set to that music? He replied: "I could fol- in this country who will be more true to the are merely outlined in some eight low that music to the end of the world.

t postscript to the book.

We like the names. He was Clifford lie conclusion drawn by Dr. James. Clayborne, son of Judge Clayborne; she from the facts brought together in this was Regina Bowie, daughter of Col. John Bowie, Regina Bowie! What authoritative and trenchant significance! We do not remember being so stirred by an appellation since we saw the black-letter newspaper heading, "Victoria Rex!" on the Queen of England's birthday. The as the evidence yet goes, this something story goes on: "It was in Richmond in the spring of '61. The news of the fall of Sumter was ringing through the land. The South, with all its ardor and flery zeal. was arming itself for the coming fray. The North, set on fire by the guns from South Carolina, was rallying to defend the national flag. The Rebellion had begun. It raged fiercely in the bosom of Regina Bowie; it shone in her eyes, it ingled to the very tips of her fingers as they struck out notes of defiance to the North. Presently Clifford Clayborne went up

stairs to fight a duel with his brother, Gordon Clayborne, who was a West Pointer. faithful to the Federal cause. The duel took place in the room that the brothers shared together. "The room was a study shared by the two brothers. At one end stood the shelves with the books which they had studied and read together. At the other was an arsenal of rifles and fowling serves, does actually exist, and has points | pieces, hunting knives and pistols. There was the fly rod with which Clifford had affairs. If asked where these points of caught his first trout. There was the rifle with which Gordon had shot his first deer." Dr. James refers us to the phenomena of | There were things of a still more moving prayerful communion," especially when and tender significance. The brothers fought their duel under the portrait of their parents. No ordinary counterfeit preso impressed by the importance of these sentments. 'Upon the wall at each side phenomena that he adopts the hypothesis of the fireplace hung a portrait. One which they naturally suggest. 'At these was of their father, the dark, curly hair, the slender nose, the proud curved lip. as though transmundance energies, or were Clayborne features. The sweet-faced woman upon the opposite side was their within the natural world to which the rest mother Joseph Claytorne had found in New England the woman who became his What effect upon his attitude toward the wife. The young Southerner had been current belief in personal immortality has sent to Europe to put a final polish to his Dr James's belief in the existence of some- education." On his return be visited Boston, where, 'a gallant gentleman, fresh can exert regenerative influences? He from the gay capitals of Europe, he excited has said nothing in his lectures about iniccurriesity, interest and finally love in the mortality or the belief therein, because to breast of the young Puritan maid. And him it seems a secondary point. "If our on his side the heart which had proved ideals are but cared for in 'eternity.' I do invulnerable to the charms of both French not see why we might not be willing to and English beauties, was soon at the feet resign the care of them to other hands than of this prim little New England rose. The ours ' Dr. James sympathizes, indeed, with | Cavaller and the Puritan were united. Claythe urgent impulse to be present ourselves | borne transplanted his delicate flower our ideals are cared for, but it seems from the rocky [see Mrs. Hemans] soil of to him that the question of personal immor-tality is eminently one as to which facts | • • • Slavery was a heavy burden for should be called upon to testify. In his such as Mrs. Clayborne, bravely she

"spirit-return," though he has the highest respect for the labors of Messrs. Myers. Hodgson and Hyslep in the direction of loaded a pair of "old-fashioned duelling with the frosty blast of the North psychical research, and is, to a certain pistols " Walking across the floor to an twined the myrtle with the jasmine Along hand until it was close upon the hour of a From the moment that Dr. James con- At the last stroke of the hour. he said des the existence of some power exterior | -we will fire " Perspiration covered Clifto our conscious selves that interposes in ford's forehead. His hand shook. Gorhuman affairs, it is obvious that he exposes don was unmoved. Damn you, Gordon, humself to being classified among the super-you're as cool as ice, said Clifford. Gordon caturalists. Headmits in his postscript that | made no teply to this reproach. It may one should make a division of all think- | be that his pride was pleased by the truth

His admission goes tich an exciting quality. "There was a her than this, however - I have are two blinding discharge of flame and smoke sinds of supernaturalism, a crasser and a with a crash that awoke the echoes of the most philosophers at the present day casements." Gordon recled slightly and belong. "If not regular transcendental leaned against a chair. A small round ical star they at least obey the Kantian area of disconforation showed itself on his forebead near the temple. "Oh, Gordon," from interfering causalty in the course of | cried Clifford, 'I have killed you!" Gordon plant a rell events. Refined supernatural straightened himself. "I am not burt, s universalistic supernaturalism: for he said. It was remarkable, but true crassor' variety 'piecemeal' super- he had merely been hit by the wad; he had raism would, perhaps, be the better put no bullets in the pistols. The impetu-It went with that older theology ous tofford "stood in silence for a moment, which to-day is supposed to reign only | then he put out his hand, which was clasped among uncounated people, or to be found | by his cider brother," who said: "Clifford oning the few belated professors of the we have been together all our lives, we ons which Kant is thought to have | part now perhaps never to see each other is laced. It admits miracles and providagain in this world, but, if we do meet remember that we do not part in anger. liv in mixing the ideal and the real It was an impressive lesson harmlessistogether by interpolating influences communicated. It does not appear that desirrgion among the forces that the crash of the pistols which awoke the echoes of the old house and shook the win-

Regina Bowje became a Confederate spy, one night in a thunderstorm she was captured by the amilable newspaper correspondent, Benjalem Chesterfield. He broke into the garret where she was concealed. A peal of thunder shock the whole house at the same metant, and a vivid flash of nghtning revealed to him a long garret ball liked with worn-out and discarded pieces of furniture. In the middle of the som, from behind a pile of boxes, a figure thee to its feet and a pistol was fired point blank at Chesterfield. The builds flew wate of its mark. In the pitchy darkness that followed the lightning's flash Chesterfield leaped forward. The storm was raging furiously outside, with peal upon peal of thunder. The lightning flashed at intervals of a few seconds, changing the some from dark to light with blinding rapidity. In the next flash Chesterfield saw the figure disappear through an open window. He was after it in a trice. opened a way for him, gave the jaded benst A ladder was against the house under the | who bore him the prick of new life window, but without hesitation the tall gave a tremendous lurch forward, as if Chesterfield swung from the all to the unhaltered for a gambol in the meadow ground just in time to receive plump in grace, and would have rushed on, leaving

Regina Bowie fought valiantly of course | The mare's drooping neck went up in "Softly," and Chesterfield, in response to a fright; her fore legs wedged in the hard earth in the war operations in South Africa, stinging blow on the side of his head, "You of the streets; and her spine archad like a particularly those with which the war is what then Sherman mad it was, are notive. Let me held your hands. Now eat's as the stumbled and fell, throwing evident in the opining ships to other paw, kniv. Don't scritch." Of her rider headforemost twice he length War, by William Sage thoug con, any Federal. "She did not cry out, bir. Dick Richards was held the packet be bad A rack. The spirit of war is loved reserving all her breath and strength brought. The fall had broken his neck. is marifest in the person of a beaute struggist splendid'y, bending her supple there were reformers in Smithtoro which is playing the plane in a house their this way and that, striking at home were reformers in Smithtoro which is playing the plane in a house their this way and that, striking at home is bunifered in those who are of the agree young tiger car. In the flare, they get it into their heads that Richard is bunifered in those who are of the agree could see a mass of dark, was visiting the young. Widow. Dabell ster to the person of the purpo. Shart and a pair of dark eyes that blazed at and they set out to reform the winew

think that "Johnny Get Your Gun," had She did not cry and call him cor and, but deluged the widow's abode. The widow British and their commanders got, the been invented. "Under the touch of her panted out with all the breach that re- fied into the forest in the dead of night, mavy men alone showed themselves to white hand," the story says, "the instru- mained to her. 'Now that the man you and, venturing back an hour before day- have initiative, to have sense and what

God bless her, is dearer to me at this moment than on the day when we first thing But we have been fairly beaten. The flag here is my flag also, and there's not a man Stars and Stripes than I.' " Gordon made an appropriate response, and "with a look of warm affection in his eyes watched Clifford as he rode off on his black horse, as true-hearted a knight as ever held a

Much better this than the spirit displayed by Regina Bowie, who wept tears of anger when she looked upon the surrender at Appomattox, and, grinding her heel into the turf, declared that she would go to Mexico or England or France rather than remain in this land of despots. We suppose that she went, and that, if she is still alive, she is playing the piano flercely in some foreign country. This great land can spare her. We speak with assurance when we say that we have players besides.

A Story of Abolition Times.

The title of Mr. Charles Reginald Sherlock's story, "The Red Anvil" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), is taken from one of Whittier's poems against slavery where the poet asks if we shall "light the fires of hell to weld anew the chain on that red anvil where each blow is pain." This is a story of abelition times and of that terious agency, the Underground Railrood, whereby fugitive slaves were expedited on their way to the promised land of Canada. Its scene is that abolition storm centre, the beautiful village of Smithbore in central New York, where Peter Gerritt and his irrepressible fellow spirits worked practically for the establishment of the higher law

"The Underground Railroad!" says Mr. Sheriock. "What a marvellous institution it was! Through its length, reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian frontier, here was a thoroughfare that did not represent the ballasting of a foot of track, the driving of a single spike, the laying of an inch of iron; without locomotives to draw its cars, without cars to be drawn, without rails to draw them on; the Underground Railroad was a line of communication as noiscless as a dream, as potential as an earthquake. Unsurveyed, was like an unt-laxed path in the trackless forest, leading from serf-form to libert-Over it there passed a phantom pageant of hunted fugitives, criminals in the the law for no better reason than that in the providence of God their skins wer black instead of white . . . A cryptic rationed this, whose only code was one of danger signals a symbol simply of patri otic outlawry. The North Star's beause were headlights flashing along its hidden way. It coupled human hearts in trains and ground beneath the scient wheels of hope the supine law. From Acadian everglade and bayou to the borderland of the Arctic wastes it close a path over which joined the lazy zephyr of the cypress swamp

pieasant perfume to be lost at last in the

balsam-laden air of the Promised Land.

Its mile posts led the wanderer singing

from the came brake and cotton field to

standing its lack of manifest apparatus: The story tells, among other things, of the mmotion made in Smithboro by said. Those persons in this city who mean o oppose the execution of the Fuglisce Slave law are traitors, traitors, traitors Young Dr. Winfield Scott Disbrow of Smithboro heard the speech and described it his fellow villagers. He spoke of its effect and of the wonderful power of Webster The godiike Daniel was drunk, he said, "The man was drunk, but he was majestic in his cups, and the thunder of his warning struck the people dumb-struck them dumb, as drunk as he was." The speech was delivered from the hotel balcony "Dr. Distrow described how, even in th very heat of his passion, the great debater had plied himself with liquor from a pitcher placed near at hand, and which was several imes replenished by his admiring supporters sho packed the room behind him Gerritt could have wished that such things had not been, even in the case of an enemy. "Oh, the shame of it all!" he exclaimed. Our own opinion is that a single pitcherful would have been shameful enough

One of the chief characters in the story Lyme Distrow, picture taker and pictures que philosopher, whose picture gallery was a wagon he drove about the country Lyme was not exactly a friend of the dack man, but his kind heart got him into quite as much trouble as though he had been. He would have been hanged for the murder of the beautiful slave girl, there Lemoire, if the real murderer, Dick Rich ards, an emancipated slave, had not dashed up with a reprieve from the Governor in the nick of time. Here is how Richards arrived

A demon on a demon horse, he w lunging into the cleft of the hill that set him squarely into the staring eyes of all Morristown. An outery that began in a low murmur and burst into a clangor of tongues greeted their coming. It Richards heard it he gave no outward token that his senses were his own. But the uplift of the voices as he swept by the solvage of the crowd into its very heart, where it his arms the person who had sprung from the jatt at her rear, had not a hendred mer flong up their arms as a signal to stor

move neither hand nor foot. She felt her | Fire Company | turned out and, under Ladysmith was relieved and for a little utter helplessness and ceased to struggle. pretence of extinguishing the barrel, It will be seen that Mr Cable is not the shelter of the forset and was never seen in Kipling's epithet of handy men, and were mass meeting to express disapproval of most shabbily. Lieut Burne's book tells Gordon and Clafford Clayborne stood amica. I the act of the fire company, but the meet- what they did, and might suggest to a

ing of true gentlemen. In front of the without favor, showing their mean as well as their magnanimous points. He story will be found to be both curious and readily Mr. Henry Seton-Kerr, M. P. (Longsecond ten to an investigation of Their resolution of the intropid charge and the saction Through Photosophy. The valuant defence, it told of conquest and honor, deep with emotion. I have the cause I new field. We notice on page 10 the world. Imperial Vessianty movement and some desiral matter, however, which he of the laured wreath the triumph of victory." have fought for. The flag of Virginia, "arb ureal," and this spelling we take to subjects connected with it. There is as be a mark of deference to the English, little doubt of the jutriotic enthusiasm who stand by the letter "u." But the with which men enlisted in the corps at it to the breeze in defiance of the North | English are also faithful to another letter | the beginning of the war as there is of that Americans do not particularly honor, which is flying above us both as we stand | and it surprises us to find on page 217 "wagon" spelled with only one "g

A Logg ng Romance.

There are books that achieve great popularity in a single season and are never heard of afterward, while others make their way more slowly and have longer lives. It is in the latter category, we fancy, that Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Blazed Trail (McClure, Phillips & Co.) belongs. There is much of permanent value in the book; the side of life depicted is novel, the descriptions are careful and accurate and, when the author chooses to let himself go, extremely vivid. We could wish for nothing more exciting than the race through the forest to register the land claim in time or the great fight to get the log-drive through. In the other scenes of logging life the author holds himself We can smell the forest trees or at least the clean fresh-cut logs, but Mr White has decided that we shall know all about the business and holds us relent-

lessly to that task. That is one drawback to the book's becoming pepular, perhaps. There are many nore people who leve the woods with the ress growing and all the sentiment at taching to them than can grow enthusiastic over the contents of the lumber yard The poetic and utilitarian sides of the tree juestion are discussed at a critical moment sy the hero and the young woman he loves Another drawback is the hero; he is a forceful person, who seems to draw a certain wo demess and lack of perception from the lumber with which he deals. We can end sympathy with his struggles and even is business schemes, but his dealings with is sister arouse only repulsion. those scenes are dragged in, it is difficult to imagine; they have nothing to do with the story and the sister is pure surplusage. Perhaps Mr. White wanted to show the brute obstinacy of his hero. There are flaws of construction here and there, an occasional slip in English, but there is a ot of conscientious work and a great deal f promise in Mr. White's book.

Fiction for 8 mmer Readers. After the feeble stuff that young men and young women are straining their pens to pass off on the public as imaginary historiat romance it is a relief to come upon an author who has imagination and to spare and has the art to tell his story. In "Told by the Death's Head" (The Sanifield Publishing Company: Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, in S. E. Boggs's translaion, introduces us to a cheerful liar, as unperturbed as Munchausen, who goes through ightning change adventures, like those of Voltaire's "Candide" or Diderot's "Jacques le Fataliste." There is plenty of humor, absolutely no moral, and the adventures are thrilling and exciting so long as they stick to earth. When the supernatural is introduced they become a trafe dreary. For avention, however, Jokai could stock most

of our young historical novelists for life. The humorous side of New England haracter, which loses none of its point by in a rather old-fashioned orm, is piessantly depicted in Mrs. Laura F. Richards's "Mrs. Tree" (Dana Estes A Co.) The heroine is an old acquaintance, but the incidents in her placed life are interesting, and will make delightful reading

for summer plazzas. In "Ranson's Folly" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Mr Richard Harding Davis offers us five short stories, of which some, at least, have already appeared in the maga zines. They will be welcomed by those who admire Mr Davis's talents, and, though not up to the level of his best work, they contrast favorably with a great deal of is summer's fiction. It is interesting observe in the last story Mr. Davis trying his summer's fiction. It his hand at detective work Though his previous efforts have been

in the line of imaginary historical adven-

ture, Mr. Arthur W. Marchment in "Miser Hoadley's Secret" (New Amsterdam Book Company), plunges into the wake of Dr. Conan Doyle, Old Slenth and the rest of the tribe, and tries to give us a detective story. He introduces a mysterious ciphe and prints a weird circle of letters on the cover of his book. But he cannot keep adventure out and the mixture of the two styles is strange and somewhat confusing. Another writer who has achieved suc ess in his own field has been led into hisorie fiction. Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson is well known as a competent writer on golf. In "A Friend of Nelson" (Longmans, Green & Co) he tells a pleasant love story with the inevitable beginning of the century. maritime stage setting. Nelson is probably are instructive but herrowing. an attractive enough character to make the reader forgive the author's shortcomings, and the story will do for summer reading. so long as we must have historical novels. Mr. Barry Pain is a British humorist and

for years has written, weekly, a satirical poem, sometimes in dialect for the London Daily chronicle. He has combined the pict of Wile e Collins's "The Moonstone" with | Dods, D. D. (Thomas Whittalior) the exploits of a Sheriock Holmes of his own in "The One Before" (Charles Scribner's Sons) and added the doings of some comical Jews. The book will prove attracive to those who are inured to British

Years ago Mr. W. F. Norris was hailed as the successor of Charles Dickens. The promise died out soon, and Mr. Norris atented himself with turning out reguarly the stock novel which satisfies the Breish public. The latest output of his pen is called "The Credit of the Country" (Appletons). It will satisfy those who are in the habit of reading his stories and will not startle any one who may read a book of his for the first time.

The conclusion of peace must necessarily have diminished the public interest began. The illerary output, however, will not diminish, and the prospects of cartionds of polemical writings on the conduct of commanders and on the details of each action are dismal in the extreme. Two books of different value come to us this week. "With the Naval Brigade & Natal" by Lieut, C. R. N. Burne, R. N. (Edward Arnold, Longmans, Green & Co.), is a book of permanent a) - A vosing woman sat it bire flervely. He captured both her hands ! They put a lar harrel in her front vest ! Importance in its narrow field it is a

after. In all the messes into which the

their disgust with their treatment by the War Office when in the field and after their return Lome. Official mismanagement and red tape seem to have made doubtful for the future what seemed a promising method of enrolling volunteer troops.

Whatever sympathy may be felt with the author's object, the Rev. Norman Russell's "Village Work in India" (Fieming H. Revell Company) will be found to be an interesting work. To a good many people spreading the gospel among ignorant heathen by means of the magic lantern is hard to distinguish from Salvation Army methods and perhaps little above the actions of the fakirs and other holy men whom Mr Russell objects to. He d d live for a time, however, very close to the country people of India, he saw their life and ways intimately and in describing them he takes care to give the English meaning of every Hindoo word and term he uses.

It has been a curious experience that the most destructive volcanic disaster of all historic time should have lost its news interest so soon. The destruction at Martinique was so complete that after the first dreadful accounts there was absolutely othing more to be said. St. Pierre is wiped out with every one in it. Later it may be that scientific men can tell us the why and how of the eruption of La Pelée and of La Soufrière in St. Vincent, but until they do the whole story is contained in the first newspaper accounts. There is not material enough, and there probably never will be, for books on the subject. Books are being published none the less. Destruction St. Pierre, Martinique by J. Herbert Weich and H. E. Taylor (R. F. Fenno & Co.) tells soberly enough in connected form what the newspapers printed about the Martinique and St. Vincent catastrophes, and s filled out with accounts of other eruptions and with statements about the cause of such phenomena.

People seem to be fond of mortuary

literature A reprint of 'The Last Words. Real and Imaginary, of Distinguished Men and Women" by Frederic Rowland Marvin comes to us from the Fleming H. Revell Company. There is an appendix. containing very recent names and some that had been omitted, but the errors in the first issue are left as they were when reviewed by THE SUN. Many of the utterers of death-bed apothegms are in no sense distinguished, other persons of whose ast moments accounts are given had nothing to say Why an improper young French woman named "La Comète" is introduced we fail to see. Latin and French suffer badly at the hands of the author, or is it the compositor? Christopher Columbus surely did not say, "In manus tuos, Domine," nor old Crome, "O Hobbima, Hobbima, how do I love thee," nor Diderot, "Mais quel diable de mal veux-te que cela me fosse?" nor Heine, "Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son metrer." The authorities given for the author's statements are naturally of the most extraordinarily miscellaneous

Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, formerly Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club made an address to the club recently, ad yocating a cruise in West Indian waters a matter which the club is considering The address, with notes of Mr. Stokes's cruise in the Sea Fox, and with various other vachting and sporting reminiscences of Mr Stokes, are punted in a little volume under the title "truising in the West Inhes & " (Dould, Mead & Co.)

It seems venturesome to crowd "The Story of the Art of Music" into a miniaure volume of less than 200 pages, bu Mr. Frederick J. Crowest. (Appletons) has attempted if, and not without success He starts with Noah, about whom he makes some strange statements, and winds up with Wagner There is some attempt at smartness that might have been omited, but Mr Crowest manages to give a fairly adequate idea of how music has de-

The keeper of the archives of Harvard College, Mr. W. ham Garrott Brown, d from the heights of history to chat about golf in "Colf" (Houghtor, Mifflin & Co. He writes an amusing essay, not at al erloys, talking about the game and those hat play a, but carefully avoiding instruction of any kird

A useful though not precisely agreeable little back is "The Care of the Teeth" by Samuel A. Hapkins, M. D. D. D. S. (Apple tons). It suggests the dentist's chair and all the attendant horrors. It contains, none the less, a great deal of sensible advice which, if it is followed, may, we trust, save the reader occasionally from undergoing the ordeals "hat it forch sies. The pictures

We have also received "James Claimers His Autobiography Richard Lovett, M. A. and Letters (Fleming H. Reveil Company.) "The Courch of the Reconstruction

The Res. I hard M. Skagen. (Thomas Whittaker t "The Parables of Our Lord." Marcus

"Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell Roger Bigelow Merriman, 2 vols. (The Clarend on Press; Henry Frowde) "A History of the Peninsular War, Vol. I. Charles Oman, M. A. (The Clarendon Press Henry Fronde)

"William Hazlitt" Augustine Birrell (Macmilians) "Under Sunny Skies " The Youth's Companion Series (Ginn & Co.)

Returned Soldler Shot in the Street. Bosros, July 4 Henry H. Kane, who

recently returned from army service in the Philippines, was shot and killed in a street quarrel in East Cambridge early orning Kane had two friends with him and the size two pure to far undenti-fied, who picked a quarfel. One of the strangers fired twice at Kane, one of the bullets going through his heart. Kane was 22 years old. He served in Company M of the Ninth United States. Infantry. His associant has not been found

Wants Harrest Han's Who Can Swim. TOPERA, Kan , July 4 Major Scott, owner of a big wheat field in the lowlands

in Sainte county, the greater part of which is under water, facetiously advertises in a local newspaper for lacenty-five harvest haple, who can swim hands who can swim

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BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE says:

"It is racy corustating in wit, daring in love, and biting in its palpable carnature of many well-known persons in New York society: but it is so very much more than a clever society novel making the bid of audacity for ephemeral craze. This is the work not only of a bright society journalist and buoyant cynic, but of a born novelist. "'The Spenders' will in all probability prove one of the

great successes of the year." LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

"If there is such a thing as the American novel of a new method, this is one. Absolutely to be enjoyed is it from the first page to the last, founded on the elemental truth that the man is strongest who, Antaean-like, stands with his feet upon the earth."

NASHVILLE AMERICAN says:

"Nothing too good can be said about it. It is brilliantly conceived, full of the brightest and best sort of humor, written in a wholesome, understandable style, and has as characters the sort of people that the every-day world is full of, - people we know, and perhaps 'of whom we are which."

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER says:

"As a literary exposition of the spendshrift campaign in which parvenu aspirants assail the battlements of gentle society, and are dettly fleeced and repelled, 'The Spenders' is unsurpassed."

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON

The Great Coronation Ode

The London Times: "Who well surpass grave missing of the solemn tenure of which England holds the places of to

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Soldlers and Sallors' Monument Unvelled. SYRACUSE, July 4.- The monument which James J. Belden of New York presented to James J. Beiden of New York presented to the town of Fabius, in home of the solutions and sailors of the Civil War, was unveiled to-day, Mr. Beiden making the presentation speech Abraham Gruber of New York was the speaker of the day. The Syracuse G. A. R. posts attended in a body. The monument is errected on the site of the old Belden homestead.

DIFD.

BAKER - At Newark, N. a. on July 4, 1982, Cyr Osborne Baker, in the list year of mes ex-Relatives and friends are unjued to attack in foureral services at his late are determined in Eurit, on Tuesday, July 8, 51.2 P. M. Freez-

kindly omit flowers

BENKARD - On Wednesday July I. Jones Hets-kard, after a long Bluess, in the find year of Bis age Funcial Aerolees at Calvino Church, this are and PRINCIPLE ACTUARY OF THE STATE OF A M.

MILITARY CREEF LOYAL LEGION STATES, COMMAN SERVING TO NEW YORK
COMMENDED OF MILITARY OTHER, Loy of Legion Companions of Military Order, Loy of Legion York, are progressed of New Actions, and progressed of the discourage of t

James Brickard Funeral services was present the amorating a o'clock at theira . Church, till at anot Companions are requested to sur-

Gen HENRY | BUTINETT Commander
A NORL BLAKEMAN, PERMANE, 1 S PYANS -Suddenie at Lordville S 1 July

DEC. S. Armont, aged if world Decid M and Astron W. Evans, 603 Eleventh street firms. otice of funeral later. Pittsburg and Chicarpapers picase com:
JOHNSON Standardy, on July e Olivia Newland,
wife of George Pryor Johnson.
Service will be held at her late residence, The

Central Park West, Tuesday, July 8 at A M Detroit and Rochester papers please KEYLER +At Biormatchi N J. July 2, 1882, Man

Paret 1. wife of John to her in aged 72 on Funeral services at her late residence, are bused. field at . on Montay July 7, at 2 as & loc-interment at Biocompeld Cometer, at conve tence of family.

MARSH -At his residence Morris Plains N. f. or Thursday July 3, 1960, of exterious speciesty a marine Mercer Marsh, in the 1861 year of his ineral services at St. Peter's Cause's Mo-

town N. J. Smidtelm, July R. M. 1939; A. Teaux, Jeans Blancks, and Consideration forces, New York at 8 to A. M. It is no projected that no flowers by sonit

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